



THE
NOCTURNAL.

A

L-----n

IN

DEFENCE, &c.



(Price Six-Pence.)

THE
NOCTURNAL

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IN
DEFENCE OF

(Price 2s. 6d.)

THE
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A

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IN
DEFENCE
OF THE
LADIES.

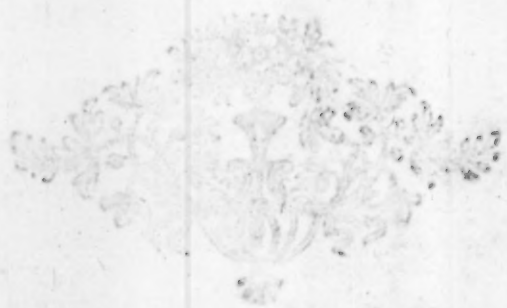
BY A
Young GENTLEMAN of *Hampsted.*



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THE
 MONTHLY
 A
 LADY'S
 IN
 DEFENCE
 OF THE
 LADIES.

BY A
 YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Hampshire.



LONDON: Printed for Henry Whittaker, at the
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 at Temple-Bar, and N. Blandford, at the Gazette,
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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.



SEVERAL Years ago the following Piece fell into my Hands, highly recommended, as something that had given great Ease to the Consciences of many in the Age before ; but being, as I then thought, better employed

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ploy'd in printing *Popery detected, A Plot discover'd, The Nature of Resistance, Rights of the Succession in the most Illustrious House, &c.* I threw it by ; but having been busied for some Months past, in turning over some Thousands of a more modern Stamp, I accidentally found it among them, which gave me no small Surprize, and engaged my Curiosity so far as to read it over ; when observing as well by the whole Performance, as the Title Page, that it was design'd for a *Panegyric* on the Ladies, (for whom I have always entertain'd the most profound Respect,) a Thing, ALL know, but too much neglected in these tasteless Times ; and perceiving moreover
that

to the READER. vii

that it was entirely free from all that *Snarl*, and *Sarcasm*, which young inconsiderate Writers but too often are pleased to bestow on their Betters, (than which I know of nothing that calls more for a thorough Reformation, since we're arriv'd at a Period in which there don't seem to be the least Colour for Complaint.) I thought I should have been wanting to my dear Country, at least to the Fairest Part of it, (*To whom by these Presents be it most humbly Dedicated*) should I have kept it any longer in Oblivion; and more especially on Consideration, that if the Author meant any Body in real Life by the Characters, PASQUINO, ZERBINO, BALORDO, ORLANDO,

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Ec. not only they, but even their Grand-Children must in all Probability have been long since defunct ; so that their Posterity can't possibly suffer : For I'm credibly inform'd, that it would not at all be for the Honour, or Advantage of our Nobility and Gentry, that Scandal should be entail'd, like Titles, or Estates.

At so great a Distance of Time, a much better Antiquary than I, might be at a Loss to fix the Family, Religion, and Country of the *Author*. All that can be done in such a Case, is but mere Conjecture at best ; However, I think there are some very good Reasons to believe
him

him an *Englishman* at least, if not a *Protestant*, by several Encomiums on our happy Constitution in Church and State, in a Poem of his, Entitled, *A Panegyric on Prime Ministers*, with which I design shortly to oblige the Public. And by a Line that I've taken Notice of in this, it seems when 'twas wrote, he was abroad on his Travels, (an Instance too that may prove him of no mean Descent) in all Likelihood in *Holland*; since he was oblig'd to go from Home for an Instance in the Case I talk of, a Circumstance not to be lightly regarded, since 'tis allow'd that about that Time, the *Dutch* were pretty much in the Dark as to the Nature of a Bribe in
their

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their Assemblies, whether *Civil*, or *Judicial*: What Alterations that *August Body* may have since undergone, either from the *Mudd*, or *Scum*, or *Dreggs* of Time, I shan't pretend to determine.

The courteous Reader will, I doubt not, from the Words *Dean* and *Journal*, in the second, and fourth Lines of the *Poem*, be very apt to call my Veracity in Question as to the Point of Time in which the *Author* flourish'd; but if in his great Goodness he'll vouchsafe to give his Attention, I fear not to clear up the whole Matter; for I assure him on the sincere Faith of a *Publisher*, that the former was the Name of a
certain

certain Prelate, which I think very prudent to conceal, since he lay under some violent Suspicions of Popery, as well as Malevolence to the then Administration; and the other was a Term in the Original, that I don't think proper for any Ears of the present Age, (the only gross Over-sight I'm willing to observe in the Author;) for which Reason I substituted the Word *Journal* in its Place, which is not more opposite to the Title of the *Poem*, than the Reverend *Dean* is to either of the above Censures. Besides that I was not without some Hopes, that my Annotations at the Bottom (*A. Dⁿ. S-----t*) might contribute in a great Measure to the Sale; which ingenu-
ous

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ous Confession, a Thing so unusual from some others of my Brethren, will, 'tis presum'd, engage the candid Reader's Approbation of this my poor Attempt for his Service.



THE



THE
NOCTURNAL.



HOU merry Muse, that didst of
(Yore
Assist the (A) Dean to hand the
(Oar,
And made him, out of pure
(Good-nature

Prefer a (B) Journal, to a Satyr ;

Tell how we pass our Nights : For Lays

Jocose as thine, could never please

In telling how we pass our Days.

(A) Dn. S — t.

(B) A Lampoon so called.

WOT

C

And

And should our *Hampsted* Wit prove stale,
 Yet t' sing for PHLOE who cou'd fail?
 PHLOE, than op'ning Light more fair,
 Fresh as the Morn, and soft as Air,
 Like Zephyrs, mild, calm as the Sea
 When panting Breezes die away.
 As long as Life informs my Tongue,
 The lovely Fair shall grace my Song.

Here, by the way, by PHLOE's meant,
 Not Lady ****, but dear Miss G——r.

Begin —— By seven the Ladies drest,
 To H---gs's step, to laugh and jest;
 To play *Quadrile*, or take a Dance,
 As Whims or Vapours rule; or Chance.

Now

Now here some vile Defamer, waits
 In hopes to hear of Fools and Cheats.
 The Cards, how old VOLATIA setts,
 And if she loses pays no Debts ;
 Or how OGLELIA's Bosom glows,
 Amidst a Covey of half Beaux.

But prithee, where's the mighty Wonder
 That Miss loves Men, and Madam Plunder ?
 For who'd not be extremely loath
 To name a third, averse to both ?
 Nay, which among You will endeavor
 To point out one, Averse to either ?

Or else, perhaps some squeamish Maid
 Longs to see Coquetry displaid ;

Not, that that Creature makes her jealous
 That's always follow'd by the Fellows,
 Only by just Restraints, to bring
 And keep in Bounds, the Forward Thing.

But what mad Blockhead, ever dare
 Say PAZZARELLA's pretty Ayre;
 That free, engaging, gay Behavior,
 Which makes each Coxcomb hope the Favor:
 What Atheist dare be so ungodly,
 To swear such *Graces* look but odly?
 Or idly censure Loving Spouse,
 For what each well-bred Man allows?
 B'ing only done, to fret, and vex,
 The prudish Wretches of her Sex.

Again;

Again ; 'tis ten to one, but some
 Expect I'd satyrize the Room,
 And tell how much Rice-Tea, and Clarret
 (I wish for Rhime 'twere in the Garret)
 Was drank ere Ten, by two fair Dames,
 Too well observ'd to want their Names :
 What Damsels staid five Bottles more,
 That cou'd not drink a Drop before
 Or whose *Faux-pas*, expos'd her Knees,
 Rare Sight ! to I know who, and me :
 Who kiss'd *CLARINDA* in a Corner,
 And who's suppos'd *CONNIVET*'s Horner,
 Where some till Two, sit to that o'er
 The Frolicks of the Hours before,
 Or else, if Folks will grow so teasing,
 Rather to sup than be displeasing.

But of these Matters, all agree

V*****; and *****, know more than We.

Besides, the Ladies should be free ;

None of them ever injur'd me ;

Those who have found them false or vain

May justly censure and complain :

But such as all their Frailties know,

Will scarcely *ever find* them so.

To hunt the Fops is all my Aim ;

(A larger, tho' less noble Game)

And if I'm not mistaken, here

PASQUINO will the Chief appear ;

Who hums, or sings, or swears flap-dash,

As well almost as modest N***.

And

And, if small Things with Great compare,
 Like him a Fav'rite of the Fair,
 Which makes him still surrounded by
 A Shoal of all the Lesser Frye;
 O'er whom he claims a just Dominion;
 Setting their Wits by his Opinion.
 And who can say, he does not seem
 Doubly to merit their Esteem;
 Since he instructs the thoughtless Crew,
 By Precept, and Example too?

But lest you should suppose we flatter,
 T' obtain Preferment by the Matter;
 Or set him in so bright a Light,
 To get a Place, or Pension by't:

As

As other Bards have done before
 To Fav'rites, that deserv'd no more :
 Observe what follows, and from thence
 Judge if we over-rate his Sense.
 (For Critics grant, we may digress
 To shew a Scene of fine Address.)

A scribbling Fool, was pleas'd to say
 PAMELLA made her Face each Day :
 Which to our happy Spark seem'd sent
 From Heav'n, to form a Compliment ;
 So after several decent Sneers,
 Follow'd by twice as many Leers,
 He drew a Chair ; and sitting by her,
 Attentively began to eye her :

Then

Then, feigning an extreme Surprise,
 ‘ ’Tis true, by Gad, ’tis true he cries ;
 ‘ So fine a Face, a Skin so good,
 ‘ Could ne’er be form’d of Flesh and Blood.
 Which seems at best, as who should tell her,
 No jointed Baby could excell her.
 Strange Symptoms sure of warm Affections,
 To cry up Paint, to mend Complexions ;
 But she’ll methinks not die his Debtor,
 That swears *Ceruse* could make her better ;
 For “ Dames that native Beauty want,
 “ Still uglier look the more they paint :
 And it must be very odd indeed,
 If they improve that have no need,

Z E R B I N O, next demands our Care ;
 Another Fav'rite of the Fair :
 But for a very diff'rent Reason,
 As follows here, perhaps in Season.
 He shews a most officious Care,
 And t'other a regardless Ayre ;
 " For either Methods, seldom fail
 " To throw Salt on a Ladies Tail.

Thus SHOCK S A B R I N A's Bosom licks,
 While P U G G minds nought but cross-grain'd
 (Tricks ;
 Yet CHARLES will swear, and MOLL protest,
 They equally divide her Breast.

But to proceed : This passive Creature
 Took great Offence at a late Satyr ;

Howe'er

Howe'er thought fit to live in Peace
Till GLOTABELLA grac'd the Place;
(For she was look'd on by the Bye,
T' have had a Finger in the Pye.)
And now she came, so Fates ordain,
Attended by the usual Train;
Fools, Gullies, Fops, whose comic Faces
Mimic her *Loves*, and *Smiles*, and *Graces*.
All at the Sight, he quits his Tea,
Prepar'd to meet at least half Way;
But ere he cou'd advance that Half,
He splutters out an idiot Laugh:
Displays his Teeth, and with a Nod
Vows and protests, 'Tis mighty odd
' That Folks can't sit, and play or chat,
' But straightway some sad Creatures that

‘ Grow jealous, and have Spite enough,

‘ Must maul ’em, with their wretched Stuff,

And wretched Stuff we grant it is ;

But sure, ’tis fine, compar’d to his.

Now we’ll BALORDO’s Parts display ;

That ratling Coxcomb, *Toujours gai* ;

He who affects, always to be

The Leader of the Company.

To him we owe this Part of Learning,

That one may be of small discerning,

Want Modesty, and common Sense,

Nor have to Wit, the least Pretence ;

May be a Spendthrift, and a Beau,

And laugh, and swear, and swagger too :

Yet,

Yet, from the Fops, be quite discarded,
And, by the Ladies, disregarded.

But shall we lash the lower Herd,
And pass the Rest without Regard?
That were a Precedent, unfit
For any Wight of modern Wit.
For who of common Sense could bear,
At *Bath* or *Tunbridge-Wells*, to hear
Those Clubbers for a new Lampoon,
Cry, ‘ Hold---My Lord--the-known Buffoon :
‘ Aye faith he’ll do---He wants it here ;
‘ None of my Lady’s Fault, Sir SNEER :
‘ Or stay ---His Grace should enter first,
‘ Of Pimps, and Parasites the worst :
‘ Come

- ‘ Come let us dress the Cuts and Scars,
- ‘ That erst he got in *Venus* Wars :
- ‘ Tho’ stop— One’s great *****’s Son—
- ‘ T’other’s a Fav’rite, and so on :
- ‘ And you may see the *Hampsted* Bard,
- ‘ Fools of Distinction always spar’d.

Such Censures to escape, at once
We shall proceed ; *Sans Complaisance*.

By Off’rings are the Gods made kind ;
And Gifts can bend the stubborn Mind ;
Presents the haughty Heroe sways ;
(At least in these degen’rate Days,)—
Nay some aver, in Realms remote,
Bribes teach the *Senators* to vote ;

Give

Give Rhet'ric to the *Patriot's* Tongue ;
 And on the *Bench* turn Right to Wrong ;
 No Wonder then if we behold
 The Fair Ones, kifs, and cling for Gold.

But, as they ask a larger Share
 Than Some by any Means think fair ;
 Your Men of nice Oeconomy,
 Have thought convenient to agree,
 That for the future, each disburse
 Their *Quota* to one common Purse ;
 A Sum so trivial, no Man cares
 Whether 'tis His, or Yours, or Theirs.
 Yet serves as well for half an Hour
 As if one fell in *DANIEL'S* Show'r.

This

This Fee *mysterious Folks* to baffle,
 They most politely term a RAFFLE;
 Tho' 'tis as much a ready Sum,
 As that i'th' Coffers of a Plum:
 Which very well ORLANDO knew,
 When after winning he withdrew;
 Nor gave to any one the Prize,
 Tho' sev'ral stood with longing Eyes:
 Leaving the Jilts, and Prudes a Handle,
 To vent their little Spleen, and Scandal.

‘ Was't this that gain'd CLEANTHE's Song
 (CANIDIA cry'd amid the Throng;)
 ‘ For this, that FLAVIA gave a Kiss;
 ‘ And was EUPHELTA blouz'd for this?

‘ Has.

Has not poor CELIA play'd, and toy'd;

' And LINDMIRA been enjoy'd:

' And is it thus the spiteful Creature

' Repays their Kindness, and Good-nature?

Says AMORETTA, ' To their Cost,

' My Dear, you'll find some more have lost;

' For, how shall FELVIA drink *Babea*,

' When for her *China* forced to pay?

' Can BELVIDERE still appear,

' With *Meublin* Laces twice a Year?

' Or, how shall ARIETTA's Daughters

' Get next Supply, of Citron Waters?

' And have they lost their dear Delight!

' What billk them Morn, and Noon and Night!

' Poor little Dongs! He a K — r!

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E

What

What shall we say ? Who next to show ?

THALIA scorns to stoop so low
 As heavy LOBB, and all that Crowd
 That with BORRACHIO laugh aloud.
 Vain TINSEL ; and that other Fool,
 That's ever set on Ridicule ;
 Who could as soon from Wine refrain,
 As being noisy, and profane.
 Such Dolts we think beneath a Jest ;
 SIMPLICIUS too among the rest.
 But tho' despis'd, he brings to mind
 VEDOVA, lov'ly, gen'rous, kind ;
 Whose snowy Breast, and Sloe-black Eyes,
 At once give Pleasure, and Surprise.
 Her genteel Mien, and courtly Ease,
 Our Love attracts ; demands our Praise.

But

But one we've strove to praise, and who
Can bear the like Attempt on two ?

I might have told of various Feats,
By *Fans*, and *Snuff-Boxes*, and *Treats* ;
On whom the *Raffle's* thrown away ;
And who unmarkt, *plays all the Play*.
How many Tickets were resign'd
In *Public*, only for a Blind ;
And what great Trouble, some Folks take
A proper Sett at *Whisk* to make.
But these are Facts, or false Relations,
That ask our further Speculations.

F I N I S.



But one we've strove to praise, and who
Can bear the like Attempt on two?

I might have told of various Fears,
By Fane, and Sawy-Boxer, and Tivvies;
On whom the Rags were thrown away;
And who unmark'd, play'd off the Play.
How many Tickets were resign'd
In Famine, only for a Blind;
And what great Trouble, some Follies take
A proper Set at Work to make.
But these are Fables, or false Relations,
That ask our further Speculations.



